Sarah Tradewell (McIntosh) Taylor

Scrapbook 1912-1943

TRANSCRIPTIONS & NOTES

By Her Daughter

Jouett (Taylor) Prisley

The badge of the C.P.C. Club of which I was secretary. The members of the club were Marian Harvey, Linnie Hanks, Mildred Miller, Marie Bryan *(one of Mother's closest "forever" friends)*, Bessie Keller, Mona Meislam, Sarah McIntosh. We used to have lovely times at our meetings where we made Christmas presents. The club continued for several months and we accomplished a great deal in that time. After Christmas we disbanded and never reorganized so now we only have our pleasant times to remember but they are in themselves something to make us smile to ourselves when we think of the year of nineteen-twelve when we were all about twelve or thirteen years old, infants as it seems to us now in nineteen-fifteen when I begin this book.

Dec. 23, 1914
Mistletoe from Blanche Phipps party. Sure had a fine time that night. Was given for her cousin. Played clap-in and clap-out and we all got kissed well. Mistletoe was hanging everywhere and it was certainly put to good use.

Gasparilla Feb. 11-16, 1915
Serpentine thrown on our float during the parade. We surely had a lovely time. Marie Bryan, Alliene Henderson, Marian Harvey, Geraldine Ball, Lucile Gordon, Ada Jo Paul and I

The Wilburns did everything in their power to help us enjoy ourselves and we did. Went to the Mask Dance on the Boulevard and danced with anyone that asked us; some of them were very good dancers too. Spent $13.50 on chances for baby-dolls in one night. Gerry got the only one we won. Mrs. Wilburn gave us a lovely dance about a week later. Our float won one of the prizes.

Feb. 14, 1915
We went with Mother and Mr. and Mrs. Jardine to see 'The Man on the Box.' I had read the story several times and was quite anxious to see it dramatized. The reproduction was very good and I particularly enjoyed it. On the way home Mr. Jardine offered us peppermints which we accepted and popped into our mouths. We took them out quicker than we put them in for they were moth balls!

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March 10, 1915
I saw my first real celebrity - with the exception of Fremstad - to-night. The company was about three hours late on account of the Favorite Line Steamers but not a soul left the Casino, and the performance was well worth waiting for. Words fail to describe it; Pavlova is positively <u>marvelous.</u> In her Swan Dance, she was on her toes, going all over the stage, bowing, ballancing (cq) etc for three and a half solid minutes without touching her heels to the floor. Her costume was composed of some white material and swan's feathers and she certainly looked like a swan. The ballet was lovely, too, and all the costumes were <u>so</u> pretty. The ballet, men and women, were all very good-looking and oh <u>so</u> graceful. Mother and Dad didn't go but I surely wish they had for they can both appreciate any thing like what I saw to-night.

This was a little more than a year before Grandad McIntosh died on 30 May 1916. Who did Mother go with? As with other contents, it is not in chronological order.

April 23, 1915
Oh, but I had a dandy time to-night. I went with Oscar Norton and he came for me at seven o'clock! Of course I wasn't ready, but he didn't seem to mind waiting. Marie was there with Ernest McNichol. The play was lovely and every actor was a perfect Sherlock Holmes. I sincerely hope that our play is as good as 1915's!

Received from Ada Jo on first day of exams. I don't know what I was staring at C.M. for - it is as much a mystery to me as to A.J. Perhaps I was trying to gain assistance from her to stand my exam. Who can tell? I can not.

May 5, 1915
Donald took me to the Drum and Fife Corps last night. I had a grand time though it was fearfully hot dancing. I sat out the intermission with Mr. Galliano and had a pretty hard time talking to him, for his accent is so pronounced. I danced a lot with Dean Campbell. He dances beautifully and he only learned how a few weeks ago. Donald dances awfully well too.

June 9, 1915
Went to Deer Lake with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Martha. Arnett and Edmund were out there. The boys showed us the camp and the dock which they had made themselves. Then they went in bathing. I hadn't brought my suit and couldn't go in but I watched the others. The lake was ver clear and about fifteen feet deep just off the end of the dock. Then there were the running and standing broad jumps. It certainly was exciting, too. Some of the boys are very good jumpers. (*The?)*n came dinner. Mrs. Taylor had brought a lovely lunch and Arnett ate with us; but Edmund ate with the boys. Then we loafed around till three when there was a base-ball game. More loafing and eating of trash till four when the boys went in bathing again. A. didn't go in but took Martha and me around the lake in his tent's boat. The lake is perfectly beautiful. Then we played the victrola and talked till train time and thus came the end of a perfect day.
This must have been a YMCA camp at which Arnett was often employed as a counselor.

June 15 to June 22, 1915
A thing of the past but oh what a time we did have!! Dear old Pass-a-Grille! There were seven of us: Miss Eleanor Murdock - two weeks afterwards Mrs. Richard Gaylord - Sister, Miss Mary, Jane, Lillie Wall, Carrie and me. We had the Fisher cottage and stayed one glorious week. Lillie Wall and I fished every day but I didn't catch anything except the first day when she landed six and I landed five. We took a swim every afternoon and several mornings.. Miss Mary wouldn't let us go in at night. Had a nice time flirting with the soda-jerker and wasting money in the slot machine. Danced every night. Almost everybody on the island went to the masquerade ball Saturday night but Martha Moore and Jane, LillieW. & I didn't. We went to Lizgotle's *(?)* and Bill Reynolds took turns dancing with us. Sister got a beau who attended to her. Dad came down for Sunday and brought Sis and me each a new dress from Mother, also Hunky *(Hunky Dory, their beautiful and loving white spits)* who enjoyed his dip in the surf very much. I learned how to swim better and how to float on my face but not how to dive. I hope I go there again next summer.
(Top left) Tarpon Scale off fish caught by Wallace Murdock.

August 12, 1915
St. John's picnic to Pass-a-Grille

(St. John's Episcopal Church in Hyde Park where Sarah, Elizabeth and Polly were baptized as young girls; where Judy and Jack were married. The wait for baptism of the girls was due to their father, reared a Baptist, who wanted them to make their decision.)

Oh the time we had on that picnic. We went on the H. B. Plant *(small steamer)* and arrived at Pass-s-Grille O.K. and immediately went in swimming. Then some of us went to the Gaylord's for supper and there I had my first crabs. We were the first visitors that the newly married couple had had since Mr. Gaylord kissed Sister good-bye and called her "The Booster." On the trip home such a gale blew in that we were forced to leave the hurricane deck. We went to the captain's room and ate some more. A fellow gave me this pencil to write a message to my friends if I should sink into the briny deep. Later the wind abated so we returned to the deck and sang songs, told jokes, ate and had a lovely. Altogether it was a beautiful trip.

November 25, 1915
Thanksgiving Day
The Duval Football Game *(against home team Hllsborough High)*

Oh what excitement!! What a glorious time !!! I went to church and then in the parade in Rosalia Gonzalez' car with Ruth, Frances and Ann Esther Hoover, Theresa Cohen and Edith Price. We cheered and sang the whole way to the grounds. Met Arnett at the gates then oh what a game !! At one time it looked like Duval was going to swallow us whole, but you can't down the Terriers. Johnny Anderson made three touch-downs, and Billy Holton one. The game ended with the score 26 to 0 for Hillsboro. It is a wonder the heavens didn't pour down torrents after Johnny scored his second touch-down which saved the game for after than Duval lost its back-bone. The grand stand roared. We lost our belongings together with our voices. Oh what a disgrace it would have been if Duval had whupped us on the home field !! But they didn't and this game makes the record Hillsboro 4 games and Duval 2; this game was the rubber and we won it with a vengeance.

Nov. 26, 1915

Went to the Lyceum to see the Morrow Brothers. They were exceedingly good.. There was an instrument invented by them - the Plate-Glass Band. Then Francis and Clifford played on the same violin, also on a trombone and cornet, each blowing one instrument and fingering the other. It was wonderful how they could do it because they could not see the instrument they were fingering. The performance was very humorous and we enjoyed it ever so much.

Dec. 21, 1915

I am seventeen years old to-day and happy as can be. Oh! But Sally Mac is getting up in years! I had a lovely cake with seventeen candles on it - here they are. *(Obviously melted, broken, removed at a later time)* Dad gave me my first kid gloves, white ones too, and while I was straightening the house a box of beautiful red and white roses came from A. - my very first from a fellow and I'm proud as peas about them. Oh! They're such beauties and I'm going to wear them to the movie to-morrow when I go with him. Spent the day uptown with sister Christmas shopping, went to Bostain's and then to the Strand. We saw the "House of Tears" which is one of the saddest pictures I've ever seen. Sat up till 2 a.m. painting book markers for Mother's pupils at the English Classical School. Poor little Polly has been celebrating my birthday by getting sick but we hope she will be well soon. Are expecting Aunt Mamie and Em soon. I do hope they come in time for Christmas.

Dec. 22, 1915

The day after my birthday I decided to put my gold-fish "Trouble" in Kinyon Park as he was getting sick. It was a lovely day, cold but sunshiny and the Christmas spirit everywhere. Trouble didn't seem frightened and I hope he will get on all right. You surely can become devoted to dumb animals, or fish, can't you? I hated to part with him like everything as I've had him a long time. Polly hated to let him go too and as she was sick she could not go with me to put him in the pond but we can both go over to see him when we want to. ... A Shell from Trouble's globe

Sarah had various beaus during her summer in Columbia with the Sylvans and McIntoshes. Arnett had encouraged her to go out while he was away. She had great fun socially, but her heart stayed with Arnett.

Dec. 28, 1915
I went to Lem's (?) party to-night with Donald. Everybody was there from Isabella Lowry to Mrs. Hill. We played clap-in and clap-out and Mr. Lowry kissed the girls all around including Miss Julia Trezevant. I met Pete Randolph who's a perfect story book hero, tall, strong, and very good-looking and jolly as they make 'em! He's deeply in love with Willie Louise and kissed the whole bunch of us in order that he might be able to salute Willie in the same way. The mistletoe was surely kept in good working order as it was constantly in use. I danced with Willie and she told me I followed all right which delighted me, since Pass-a-Grille I have not led but twice. Leading certainly ruins a girl's dancing, doesn't it?

Dec. 31, 1915
To-night began the new year. Donald took me to Beanie's party. We played several games and enjoyed them so much as it was a change from the routine of talking and dancing. We all wrote our names in the honoree's Birthday Book. There were lots there and we had a lovely time. The others stayed to watch the New Year in but Donald and left at about eleven o'clock and went to the Merry Makers *(a classy men's social group)* at Osmond Bie's. We went especially to dance but were disappointed as they didn't dance except a few times We made lots of resolutions and as the bells stopped ringing and the whistles blowing and we had started the New Year on his course we came home. Here were found Miss Mary and the doctor and we had some wine fruit-cake.

Jan. 21, 1916 →
To-night I saw "The Bohemian Girl" and oh how I enjoyed it. The cast was very good especially Count Arnheim, Arlene, the queen and Devilshoof. The voices were good and the songs lovely. A change of scenery at the Casino was certainly acceptable. "The Heart Bowed Down," and "I Dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls" held the audience enthralled. The costumes were well fitted to the parts and the times and the acting was good also. The scene that delighted the boys was that of Devilshoof in Arlene's boudoir. I am going to see the "Pink Lady" when it comes and I hope it will be as good.

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More World War I memorabilia: note especially in upper right of page, directions for knitting a ladies' shawl, and especially at lower left an unusual Easter card from Arnett in France, inscribed on reverse of the large card 'To the McIntosh family from Arnett,' with note as to date and location on the back of the small inner card by Sarah.

Feb. 5, 1916 →
The Duval Basket ball game! And such a game as it was !!! At the end of the first half the score was 16 to 14 in favor of Hillsboro. At first the Terriers ate up everything but after Ruth Hoover's handkerchief fell in Duval's basket they began to wake up and score: And they played believe me! But what was he use. You can't down the Terriers. Duval ought to know that by this time. Our men played like demons the last half and the score rolled up and up to 36 to 16 if I am correct but I'm not sure as I'm writing this on Feb. 25. Joe Lyles is certainly a crackerjack basket-ball player. He jumps for the ball and has thrown it before his feet touch the floor again. As it was Gasparilla there was not as large a crowd as generally comes to witness a Duval-Hillsboro game but still there were a good many "royal rooters" for dear old H. H. S. the grandest high school in the state of Florida.

Feb. 13, 1916

Well I did go to the "Pink Lady" and although it was good it certainly didn't come up to the "Bohemian Girl," but, then it was an entirely different style of play. Madam and Phillipe Dondidea were to ludicrous for words, as was Bebie (?). Angele was very petite and Claudine very much the opposite. The songs I liked best were "Donny did Donny didn't," "Hide and Seek," and "Beautiful Lady." Ywaxy played the violin beautifully, both for himself and for Caludine for he played behind the scenes for her. I enjoyed it ever so much.

Feb. 19, 1916

This afternoon I went to Melinda Schmidt's card party. She hasn't a very nice name but she is nice as can be. Oh! we had a lovely time. There were five tables of rummy. The rooms were full of pink roses and carnations placed in every conceivable place. The color scheme was carried out in the refreshments. Strawberries predominated. There was strawberry ice-cream, strawberry punch, strawberry bon bons. There was a prize for the lowest score at each table and one for the lowest score in the room. I received the one at my table. It was a dear little pink silk party bag with a mirror in the bottom and a powder puff inside. The other prizes were dear also. We certainly had one delightful time too.

Note the book cover for "The Valiants of Virginia." I often heard Mother and the sisters speak of it in my childhood many years after it was important enough to Sarah to place this memento in her album. Also, on my shelf is a copy of the book inscribed from Polly to 'Sarah and Arnett - 1963' with the notation her copy may have been lost, and 'I remember.'

March 14, 1916

I saw "Twin Beds" to-night and never laughed so much in all my life. Oh! It was perfectly absurd! The acting was very, very good and the characters so well adapted to their parts. Blanche, fair and petite; Monti the typical would-be tenor; Harry handsome and deeply in love with his wife, but thought himself vastly maltreated; Signora Monti, tall, dark, and exceedingly independent; Amanda and Andrew were not important but acted well. The scene in which Monti got the rooms mixed and silently retired in Blanche's room was exceptionally amusing. Nora was an exceedingly independent maid. I certainly hated for the curtain to descend for the last time but all good times must end!

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Snore and you sleep alone.

Saint Patrick's Eve

March 17, 1916

Mr. and Mrs. Gray gave a party for their visitor Miss Amelia Turnely and I was asked with George Morrison to take me. We haven't a phone and G. had a terrible time getting me, in fact he didn't, he just came by and I happened to be ready as I had decided to go with Marie and Perrin. The house was beautifully decorated with pink carnations, fern, and, There were about fifty present. We played conversation for awhile, then closed our eyes and drew a hat on Charley Chaplin. Bessie Keller and Perrin won the prizes. I don't know what they were as I didn't see them. I met the most adorable fellow, Turner Newton. I had seen him before but had never been introduced to him. We danced several numbers of conversation and after refreshments until time to go. This morning I was uptown and he tooted his horn at me - he was in a car. The porch was strung with lanterns - we danced out there. The refreshments were lovely, oysters, hot rolls, olives, almonds, ice cream and cake. There was delicious punch too. One of the girls tore Marie's dress dreadfully and she doesn't know what she will do for a banquet dress. Mine came home today and it's a perfect dear!

March 24, 1916 The Affair of the Season
The Junior - Senior Banquet
A tooth-pick to remind me of my time spent in (?)iving blossoms
Now I speak from experience - If a banquet is a success you can have the best time possible, and since ours was a success all had the time of our lives. Of course we had to prepare for it several weeks before hand and at one time it looked like we weren't going to have any banquet at all as the School Board insisted on it being held in the Junior High School and we insisted we would not have it at all if we had to have it there, but they had to give in to us as the dining room was not completed so we had our banquet at the Tampa Bay Hotel. Ada Jo Paul and Elizabeth Sparkman were on the put committee; Marie, Earl Craft and I on the only other one. We worked all day long Friday - the day of the affair, and we worked too. Mitchell Stallings, our class president assisted us as did several other Juniors. We picked nasturtiums by the hour together with calendulas for yellow and white are the Seniors' colors, green and white ours. We carried flowers, vases and fern all morning in Mitchell's car. Mr. Davies at Bostain's did our decorating for us. We used the flowers mentioned and jonquils. Marie had the

(Over)

April 11, 1916
The Sarasota Minstrels held fourth (cq) at the Casino. They were all - the actors I mean - gotten up as negroes and the costumes were very good. They sang lots of the new songs, some ancient ones, and some unknown to me. Some of the jokes were killing particularly this one. 'The man went up to heaven and there Peter gave him a piece of chalk, telling him to go up the ladder and mark off his sins on the blackboard. As he was going up he met Jack Mahoney coming down after more chalk.' *(Obviously an in joke on a known personality)* I had just broken my finger playing basket-ball and it was hurting a lot but I enjoyed the performance any how.
(Notes: First, Sarah's spelling and punctuation was not up to the level that I experienced from her mothering and training of me in my childhood. Second, minstrel shows were quite popular even into my pre-teens. If memory serves, it was the Sebring fire and or police department, or perhaps some other civic group that produced one I was called to be in. Why, that was almost an honor! It was probably my clear carrying voice - without acoustic support - that earned me a chair. The shows were generally done as fund raisers for some civic effort.)

April 26, 1916
The Senior Class Play *(Sarah was a junior)*, and oh what a play! It was indeed superb. Billie Bivens took me *(always a friend, verging on boyfriend. In their 70s when each had lost a spouse they reconnected. Mother got as far as asking Arnett's and my blessing on their marriage if that should come to pass. We did, but they didn't)* and it seemed like everybody in town was at least represented if not there himself. I am certainly glad too because the Seniors need the money for the annual. The actors all covered themselves in glory, particularly Bryan, Marjorie and Anra. I heard someone behind me say that if she didn't know Anra was a student of H. H. S. she would think her a professional. The others were all everything that you could ask. The play was a comedy, and in it the Rev. John Smith and plain John Smith, got all mixed up, having the same name and living in the same apartment house, one in suite 19, the other in suite 69. There were many complications almost resulting in the separation of John (plain) and his wife Nora. But the case was explained and again the Dove of Peace reigned supreme over each household. I think that "Facing the Music" was better than last year's play "Bachelor Hall" but since it is the second comedy the managers had more experience. Then the play still offered better possibilities.

April 28, 1916

Two nights after our Senior Play, the same place and another Senior Play, but this time the English Classical School's. This was another case of mixtures, but not as bad a one as "Facing the Music." Melenda Schmidt was the best, but all the rest were splendid, and so at home. Miss White trained them and the play was quite a success. Our Shakespearean Festival took place to-day and despite a slight rain was quite good so Mother says. The program was not very long and very unostentatious, only a High School entertainment. Half the school took it upon themselves to stay away from school. Something is going to be done to them and I'm certainly glad I didn't stay home or skip. Luck was with me for once.

(Sarah's mother was a teacher at English Classical School. I had always thought it was only after her husband's death, but that is disproved by dates in this album. She taught Latin and French. The student body was the wealthy and elite in Tampa, so it was a great burden to Gran and to Polly that Polly's enrollment there as a scholarship student was part of the teaching contract. 'What would it look like for a staff member's own child not to attend?' Elizabeth and Sarah were excused from their advanced attendance at H. H. S. Polly was out of her element socially, in fashion, because her mother taught there, and was very begrudging about her required attendance. The makings of a rebellious spirit?)

June 14, 1916 Columbia SC

This entry is remarkably out of order! Next page reverts to March and later. The date is so significant as Sarah's father had committed suicide almost exactly two weeks earlier, on May 30, 1916. Sarah had completed her junior year at Hillsborough High School. I did not know about the suicide until I was an adult. As seen in her writing, she rarely mentioned it then or for years to come.

We have been in Cola since the 10th. Mother seems much better ____ at first prospects of her doing so were not very bright. We went to the farm - all except sister who was not very well, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. It rained so we had to build a fire in the big fireplace. Although we didn't go out much we managed to get well supplied with red bugs. Oh joy. We were also well supplied with blackberries, plums and lunch. Uncle Gus owns 150 acres and there is a spring and an adorable little cottage. Hereafter I think, I will only date my trips there by means of the flowers. I'm going to get lots of Carolina flowers before I go home.

June 27-29, 1916

A month since the death of Sarah's father

School just out and we spent the weekend at the Pass. Emme would not go down with us Saturday as she was expecting a letter from Aunt Mamie, but she came Sunday morning. Then there were Mother, sister, Mr. Orr, Polly, Arnett and myself. We had a lovely trip over and had the Woolrucanes (?) flat downstairs. The boys certainly were lovely about helping. It's so nice to have boys along and much less expensive - for the girls. Sister and I had our first one-piece bathing suits and were very self-conscious *(without sleeves and skirts? Look at some early photos.)* but soon got used to them. We went to the hotel, got caught in the rain and were soaked but nevertheless danced and enjoyed ourselves. Arnett had to go home Sunday much to my sorrow. Mr. Orr, sister and I went gigging and were nearly devoured by the mosquitoes. We started to stay a day or so longer but Providence brought us home.

August 6, 1916 Columbia SC

Marie came yesterday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wellbourne at the Colonia and they asked me to spend the day with them. We were introduced to lots of people of all ages, particularly Messers Regan, Deal, Rheme, Young, Randolph and Harris. We went to ride early in the morning, out to Hyatt Park where we all had cold drinks. Back to the hotel for awhile; this time we stayed an hour or so, then out again. Mr. & Mrs. W., Mr. R. & Mr. D., Marie and I. All four of us piled into the back seat tho there were two others. We went to Irvin Park and fed the animals and swans. The park is very pretty and very well kept. At the hotel for lunch and then another short ride and later naps. Five-thirty to Dent's(?), Mr. & Mrs. W., Mr. R. and Mr. D., Mrs. H., Marie & I. Mr. H. and Mrs. Rubenstein came later in Mr. H's 'Anderson.' *(Faded and difficult to read. Was that a make of car?)* The water was lovely. Mr. R. and Mr. D. took me to the rock but it was so swift below the falls that I wouldn't tackle it. Coming back we raced a 'Phord' and beat it too. The hotel and dinner, another short ride, then home. Mr. D. brought me home. I had a lovely time all together to make up for the two dull months I've just had and I expect some more good times while Marie's here.

August 26, 1916

I weighed the matter pro and con - whether to go to this tacky party at the Colonia or not, & decided to go. I was dressed as a country bride and Mr. Deal, my escort made an acceptable husband in one of George Houner's(?) suits. specs and a very small hat with pink strings. We danced, had the grand march, danced the Virginia Reel, played drop the handkerchief & ate. The refreshments consisted of pink lemonade, sandwiches, apples, dill pickles, bananas, crackers, peanuts, stick candy etc. Marie met us at the door and pinned our names on us. Mine was 'Matilda Scraggs,' my 'husband's' 'Mr. U. R. A. Boob. He and I eloped and so that was my name for the latter part of the evening. We certainly did have one good time.

September 1 at 1916

We left Columbia last night but Mother said there was no reason why we shouldn't go to Frances Gillian's farm. (She is Mrs. Harry Adams now.) She came for us in the car and after quite a deal of shopping we headed for home and so arrived without any mishap with the exception of nearly butting into a train at the foot of a steep grade. We went in bathing, forty feet of water too, and washed our hair. *(A good shampoo in clear water of a lake or river was considered a treat in self-care, even through my childhood. It was preferable to calcium, iron, or natural chemicals in city water.)* Then bummed till dinner time and what a dinner we did have. After wards Rob took us to look at the cattle and Frances brought us home. Pack, Pack, Pack and still there is more to go in but off at last. Expected to meet Arnett in Jax but no signs of him; kept the wires hot between that burg and Black Point *(where he was in camp near Jacksonville with the National Guard preparing for action in the Mexican War),* waited very impatiently till 2 o'clock, then gave it up and went to ride. Just missed him by 20 minutes but, believe me, we made up for that lost time. He took me out to dinner & the movies & then came home with us. We rode lots of yesterday. I spent the night with the Taylors last night - Bill Moore and Paul Jones were there for supper - and went in bathing this morning - later riding. A. left in the 1 o'clock train & now I'm 'werry' lonely. I miss the fellows at the hotel too, especially Mr. D. because he's so nice and such a gentleman.

September 29, 1916

Saw "Help Wanted" last night at Tampa Theatre. There was a very good crowd. I had seen the play in the movies but the drama was very different. It was awfully funny in some parts and we had an excellent time. The company, in my estimation, is not as good as the Hazel-Burgess Company. Mother says that that company is very good.

No date (btwn Sep - Nov 1916)
My first position. If all work were as much fun as this has been then I would not mind working. Everyone in the store was just lovely (except Miss Harvey and she - oh my!). Mr. Range advanced me to the position of helping with the mail-orders; Mr. Duber made me his assistant clerk and Mr. Otto me official parcel wrapper, 2nd in command. I had some time. D. got my name down to Miss Mac and still calls me that - Mr. R. abbreviated it to plain 'Mac' and so it has remained for him. I passed my eighteenth birthday in the store and the penny is Mt. Otto's present to me. The card is one from Laredo. He was always guying me about Arnett and the boys were in Texas then. The store gave me an ivory mirror for Xmas but as I already had one I exchanged it for some of the manicure set. Altogether I had an awfully good time tho I was working awfully hard.

A page of oddments (btwn Sep - Nov 1916)
A note from Sarah's dear friend Marie, needing help in English while absent. Small photo: Plant City vs. Hillsborough High Duval & Victory tag: Oh! But we beat them in Duval!! *Red H*: Bartow vs. Hillsboro *Half of a mysterious post card*: Guernsey leaves Sun. or Mon. I don't suppose I'll be here more than a week later. Is there any definite news about school yet? *Sarah's note:* This kept my place in Virgil notes a solid eight months and as I couldn't bear to part with it after such long association here it is.

Nov. 18, 1916 *(Dates are out of sequence, but placed in this sequence in the album.)*
Left Tampa at 7:30 A.M. Saturday morning. There were about seventy-five in the part besides the team. The honorable craft was named the Narunna, but in our memories we will always think of her as the 'No-runner' for that is what we called her. Had a fairly nice time going over, told jokes, sang, asked riddles, etc. Landed in Bradentown *(Is that what it was really called then?)* at 1:30 and went to the Hotel Florida. The game was not as good as lots that I have seen & there was some dreadfully dirt playing, the fourth quarter ended 0-0. We left Bradentown at 6:10 intending to reach home at 11:00 but vain hopes for the Manatee *(River)* abounds in sand bars. We visited no less than four. On one we spent four hours. The attempts of the boys - who went into the delightfully cool water - to push her off being unsuccessful and we had to wait on the tide. The wind was terrific and as we didn't have enough cover we nearly froze. Some things took place which are best not mentioned but the chaperones were too cold to pay attention to anyone but themselves. After we left that bar we were forced to stop as there was "H20" in the carburator, but we did not give out of gas. We reached Tampa at 5:30 A.M. and relieved the hearts - and voices - of many anxious parents. Even tho we were so cold - and maybe for that reason - we all had one time that we will never forget.

Dec. 9, 1916

Wasn't is glorious that we beat Duval on her home field? Hillsboro went wild. The Y.M.C.A. gave the team a banquet and had sixteen of the Senior girls act as waitresses. Each of us had four boys to look out for - lots of the other boys came - that's what paid for the eats. Never did I see the like of the H 2 0 those young gentlemen consumed., they kept us busy going to the water cooler. The menu looked pretty good but things gave out before they got to us girls - that is all but the ice cream which was very nice. There were a number of inspiring (?) speeches and 'a good time was had' by all. The team, by secret ballot elected Nelson Ayala as next year's foot ball captain, but if the war, which was declared yesterday (I am writing this April 7, 1917) I don't guess he will have the chance to serve his term.

I think the menu is very smart, I don't know who concocted it. The Y dining room was gayly decorated with loads of H.H.S. pennants and the track-meet banners that have been won by the various classes. We had one good time and went home tired but happy.

Right side page

The Classical Club was organized about six weeks before school closed. I was elected President, Rosalia Gonzalez Secretary and Thelma Copeland treasurer. We only had three social meetings, the first at Hillsboro, the second at Marie's, the third at Lucile Gordon's. We always had interesting papers read, a poem or so, discussed various subjects and ate. All our business meetings were held during Virgil class. I hated Latin till this year but I certainly did love old Virgil.

Tidbits: A specimen of our test papers. Just for a remembrance. ..... To start my hope chest *What was the tiny thing taped there?* ..... A day in civics at H. H. S. ..... The old T. E. Co. certainly got enough coppers out of me during my four years at H. H. S. *Sarah had long rides on the electric streetcars from Hyde Park to the north side of Tampa to school.*

March 30, 1917

My second Junior - Senior Banquet but this time as guest instead of hostess. It seemed funny just to get an invitation and then go when last year Marie and I had to work so hard. I think our banquet was a great deal nicer than the one this year and I had a much nicer time, tho of course and (cq) I did not let any of the Juniors hear me say that. The tables were decorated with vases of red lilies and lilies and asparagus fern were scattered between the vases. All the place cards were like this. The menu was fairly nice, but the toasts were <u>good</u>. No one forgot anything except Richard Knight, President of the Junior Class, and his welcome address slipped his mind. They would not let us dance after the banquet which was of course a disappointment to some of us. I went with Bill Bivens *(Remember - he was previously identified as almost a boyfriend, who then courted Mother much later in life after their spouses had died.)* the most popular boy in the class ah!, and we went with Augusta and Hartwell Johnson in his car. Senior festivities are certainly beginning now.

April 5, 1917

Never have I laughed as I did that night. The stage was very pretty and all the men had excellent voices. The 'Jitney Joy Bus' was absolutely ridiculous and how they even contrived that jitney is an unsolvable mystery.

April 11, 1917

One of the best amateur theatricals I have seen. The choruses were fine - so well drilled. The play itself - all that happened in Mother Goose Land while two little children were there - was similar to most of its kind but very 'cute;' Ray Delcher as Mrs. Spratt was killing - he makes an excellent woman; Mrs. Padgett as 'Marjorie Daw' and Mr. Skinner as 'Simple Simon' were beyond the description of words, and J. J. as 'Geraldine'was quite unique.

Just to represent my graduation presents. I got lots of lovely things - enough to make me wish Commencement came every year. I got several checks, four camisoles, seven pairs of silk hose, two gay striped pairs - pins, a card case *(sterling, for calling cards)*, a Lavaliere from Mother - Grandfather's miniature, lingerie clasps, boudoir cap, hankies, stationery, hat pins, shirt waist, spoons, collar, annual, and many congratulations. I got some other things, but can't think of them now.

(April 1917)

Money order for my first visiting cards.

Charley Pitts put this match in my 'cigarette case' that Arnett gave me for graduation and that I carried to the Class Sermon. *(It was actually the calling card case.)* At church they separated the sheep from the goats and swine except figuratively *(?)* of course. Mr. Cooper preached a fine sermon - I didn't yawn once.

April 15, 1917

Of course I took more interest in this Senior Play than in all others because it was mine, and some of my chums were in it - Ruth, A.J. and Gus. The play itself I did not consider as good as the preceding year's but the acting was excellent. There had never been a dress rehearsal and consequently several unexpected events came to pass but the actors carried them off like professionals especially when Prosper took too long to change his clothes; he was slow because he had a bad knee obtained in track. In the last act the girls looked very charming in evening dress. The play certainly was the making of Oscar Weaver. - a confirmed woman-hater - and George Bailey who just fought clear of the girls. Quite a success the whole thing.

Class Night

May 11, 1917

Yea and verily all of us who had anything to do were shaking in our boots. Ernestine Mitchell gave the History first then came my "pome." My knees ('sh–ld'? 'shook' intended?) so I could hardly keep my balance and when the curtain went down my teeth were chattering so I couldn't talk. Oscar's Will was lovely; Teetie, Rosalia and Bill were rich in the Prophecy; Edith and Harold certainly gave <u>some</u> knocks in gift"ienan." This sand paper - Marie got a piece like it - is to polish our brains every other night. Everybody told us we looked very pretty (?). The girls wore white middy suits, white shoes and hose and kelly green ties. The boys wore green bow ties, green socks, white shoes, white pants and dark blue coats. *(White shirts we presume?)* There were quite a lot of people to see us and after the performance there was a grand wish for the -----ls (?). *(Did she perhaps mean 'grand <u>rush</u> for the annuals? Read on...)* We were almost suffocated in the jam, but the annual was worth the trouble and discomfort and now Class Night is over. Next comes the sermon and then the grand finale, Commencement Night.

May 22, 1917

Miss White had four to graduate this year and the girls were three of the prettiest anyone could wish to see. They carried pink Killarneys, their class flower. Mother was the Patron Saint of the class. Mrs. Darnell's voice is the best I have heard in my limited experience and everyone says it is excellent.

Some of my Senior reports.

Genevieve and I didn't raise our boys to be soldiers but they are.

May 24, 1917
From my commencement dress

My Senior year was certainly the happiest year of my High school course. Of course we were given privileges, and we took liberties. One day all the C.Cs. *(her girls' club)* in aprons with our hair down our backs, another day we all brought dolls. Once the Royal Small Atoms all wore middies. Then there was so much excitement at the games, when we had our pictures taken, over the play, Class Night, and commencement, also the Sermon - which was very fine. Quite a number attended. Oscar Norton took me but Miss Hoyt and Miss Shannon made the boys and girls sit on opposite sides of the church. My commencement dress was white net and very pretty tho not as elaborate as some - I didn't intend it to be. I received lots of lovely presents. The only draw-back was that my dear Daddy was not here to hear me say my poem and see me get my diploma, but I feel like he was with me any how.
(Her father had committed suicide a scant year earlier, May 30, 1916. This is her first mention of him in this Memory Book.)
Red and black ribbon - off my diploma
One of the prized possessions of my young life.

May 24, 1917
and now to think that I have really and truly graduated! And the band played 'who'd a thunk it?' We had a very large graduation class - ninety-two. The girls in the class did a goodly deed and on account of the War gave up flowers and carried American flags instead. It was a fairly pretty show but was stiff. If the boys had not had trouble getting up and down the steps when the diplomas were presented I don't know what we , or the audience would have done. We thought the address punk, tho the paper blew it up.

A carnation from the basket on the stage.

We thought it a shame that Billie Bivens did not get the scholarship *(we've heard of him before as the almost-boyfriend who courted Sarah late in life)* to Gainesville instead of Mitchell. The one to Tallahasse *(then called Florida State College for women)* was given to me but as I couldn't accept it Marie *(Sarah's best friend)* was the lucky party. *(Even with full scholarship, Sarah*'s *family couldn't afford the extra expenses of travel and clothing. She always regretted not having college experience, but was never bitter - just took it in stride.)* The stage looked very pretty with ferns, the white covered benches on which we sat and the big basket of carnations in the centre (cq) to the front, not to speak of our 'young and shining faces.'

June 12, 1917 and two weeks preceding and three days following
For two weeks Frances, Ruth, Genevieve, Lela, Estelle, Gladys Harris, Grace LoRe, Mary Walker, Leslie Shakleford and I went to Misty Hoyt and did some high style cramming for teachers' examinations. It was beastly and we sat there in all states of array and disarray while trying to absorb enough knowledge to get us through our third grades if necessary. We ate at 10:30, again at 12 - this being supplemented by a trip to the corner drug store. Sheats, Stste Supt ought to be kicked! The examinations were not as bad as they might have been but were hard enough. The last day when we went to the drug store Mr. Pierce presented us with a pound box of Norris'. It tasted fine. I haven't found out yet if I passed or not.

This blotter saw much head-scratching and other labor.

(01 DEC 1917)

The feature, for me, was the 'Battle of the Roses' in which a number of us took part. We were dressed in pink grecian costumes and carried gray-moss baskets full of paper roses. Our 'feature' was much advertised and in the parade we had a lovely float. We all went out to the golf course some days later and danced before the camera and we had our pictures in the New York Times and Herald! Quite an honor! When we posed it was barefoot and it being December and just after a rain most of us suffered colds as a result. We had lots of fun at rehearsals too.

Dec. 1, 1917

The Society Circus was given for the benefit of the Red Cross. There was a huge three-ring tent and several professionals gave their services - a strong man who permitted a loaded auto to cross over his body, an acrobat, a tight-rope dancer. There was a side show too with ____ 'freaks' - a gitney pup-show, fortune tellers and the like. Some of our H. H. S. boys were property men and lots of girls sold 'peanuts - chewing gumming - candy.' The grandstand was full for both performances and a good deal of money was cleared. Some of the soldiers were home on leave and came to see it but the best part for me was the following Monday when Arnett came home on his first, and so far only, furlough.

← December 3-7, 1917

Arnett was in the U. S. Army and came home on leave from Camp Wheeler, Georgia. See Sarah's note in the envelope.

3 - Arnett came home
4 - Made me say it.
5 - Went riding and talked seriously.
6 - Asked me to wait
7 - Left

Feb. 24, 1918

(lower right) A peculiar bit of wrapping paper. My trench cap from France.

Well here is where I came in for my third Junior-Senior Banquet and I must say I enjoyed it much more than my second. Donald, Helen Hamilton and I went together. Helen is a perfect dear. Previous to the Banquet there was much talk of not having it on account of the War but opinion was not strongly enough against it to prevent its taking place. The menu was a Heavenish one and the decorations were patriotic. Don't you think the place cards are cute? The boys' were Red Cross nurses. The toasts were excellent, particularly the one to the 'Boys Over There' by Horace Ashton. A spirit of sadness seemed to pervade the whole affair and as for me - I had just received the news that Arnett had left Camp Hancock for no-one knew where. Now he is at Camp Greene but with them rushing men across as they are doing I can't think it will be long before he goes too. Oh how we hate to send our men but the sooner they go the sooner this most horrible of all wars will be brought to an end, which God grant may be soon!

But as for the Banquet we all had a very nice time. Mr. Robinson announced that H.H.S. alone had collected 1017 books in the five days since the drive began. Well little did I think last year that I would attend a third Banquet - I wonder where and in what circumstances I will be this time next year? Who knows? (22 MAR 1918)

March 29, 1918
Oh you canoe party! I had never been allowed to go in a canoe before so it was quite a novelty to me. I went to the Hoover's from school and we fixed up the most glorious lunch. There was some size to said lunch too. Those in the party were Frances & Austin, Ann Esther & Murray, Ruth & Geo. Burke, Madalene & Spec, a Mr. & Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hoover, Icky and I. There was a lovely moon and the canoes went so smoothly. *(On the Hillsborough River, very popular canoeing spot even into Fred's university years.)* We sang and talked and paddled up to Goldstein's where we beached & went to the pavilion. We had lunch and George provided soda - water which made us sea sick when we started home. Each boy brought a box of candy so imagine the utter bliss. There were times when one piece of candy is liable to make one sick. Coming back we were going against the current so the girls took to the paddle. The songs we sang! And Icky barked and crowed for us. The water was calm as a lake, the shadows near the shore were dark as Egypt, and the moon was so bright. We went beyond the Springs and almost to Hanna's Whirl then turned about for home. We had to wait a good while on the *(electric street)* car and we were all tired. I always have such a good time at the Hoovers' "doings" for they always have such a jolly crowd. Icky is a scream and the others loads of fun. I would gladly have swapped the whole thing for a few hours with a certain soldier boy.

Rose petals received from Ada Jo during geometry in my Sophomore year in High School. Ada Jo and I had some times, let me tell you!, but Miss Shannon never did anything to us, nice and sweet of her wasn't it? But then she was nice and sweet.

Right

Summer 1918
(Arnett was in France. Sarah spent the summer in Columbia SC with McIntosh relatives, went to secretarial school and enjoyed all the gala wartime dances etc with her McIntosh cousins, coming home so hot that the popular sailor-type white middies and dark skirts were drenched.)

Christmas 1918
Sidney sent a box of candy and his picture. *(Sidney Gulledge was long a suitor-in-the-wings hoping to replace Arnett. Mother would say in later years "Aren't you glad you were born Taylor instead of Gulledge?")* Watched the New Year in at the O'Berry's.

June 22, 1919
Such a nice time. Went with the Rogers and their cousin C. J. M. to Petersburg, Pass-a-Grille, where we took a dip, Largo, Clearwater, Clearwater Beach, home, supper at the house and to the station. Dr. Masters starts his dental practice tomorrow in Jax. One year ago tonight I went to Columbia and the next day on to Charlotte where I told Arnett goodbye before he left for France. If I go to Charleston this summer am going to let the "doctor" know and perhaps and perhaps will have a good time in Jax.
Note the "At Home" card and open it to learn that Sarah's erstwhile beau, Sidney Gulledge, gave up and found a bride.

March 15, 1920
My first offense and every and every moment enjoyed to the fullest

July 26, 1920
Sister's wedding. No need to elaborate for I'll never forget it anyhow.
(Because of the elopement with no family involvement, their mother Nina, nearly laid a vow on Sarah that she would not do that. The formal envelope contains announcements of both Lehr's and Polly's marriages, even in serious family financial difficulties, done properly engraved not printed. Polly's previous marriage was a short-lived one to Sandy Justice while they were at Chapel Hill.)

Took Mother, Frances and Austin to Clearwater in old Becky and had a lovely swim and tea party generally. Hope we can go to Orlando for the reunion next year.

Nov. 1920
Arnett and I spent the week end with Margaret *(his Taylor aunt)* in Eustis. Had such a lovely time, good eats and lots of fun. Coming home on the train the conductor thought we were married!

What friendships! Sarah McIntosh, Frances Hoover and Marie Bryan were high school chums, the operative word for that era. I knew those names throughout my life with Mother. Marie was awarded an all-expense paid scholarship to college that Mother was not able to accept, the family not even being able to afford clothes and transportation. Yet Sarah was able to truly rejoice for her friend's good fortune. Marie Bryan was married in January 1921, Sarah on February 28, 1921, Frances Hoover in June, 1921. In contrast to Marie and Frances' weddings, Sarah was married simply with only families present at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in downtown Tampa.